



1937-1938

W. Harry Hickman
Room 22,
U. of S.



THE CAMOSUN

Respectfully dedicated to
Mr. H. L. SMITH, M.A. (McGill)
Principal of Victoria High School



Victoria High School

1937-1938



Foreword

As students of the Matriculation Class of 1938 leaving Victoria High School, you will carry with you the best wishes of the Staff. The skill with which you have handled student affairs has been most commendable. Moreover, we have appreciated your co-operation and your goodwill. We trust that the training received here will aid you in your quest for that highest success, which, as a Staff, we covet for you.

HENRY L. SMITH,
Principal.

June, 1938.



UPPER PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
LOWER VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

THE CAMOSUN

PUBLISHED by the STUDENTS of VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME XXX.

JUNE, 1938

No. 1

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Editorial

Another school year has rolled by and we all climb another step up the ladder of life. Some of us will carry on with our studies and others will take up their life vocation. But whatever we do, we must carry on our school tradition and honour.

Into this chaotic world we must consider it our mission in life to carry on the torch of peace. That is our supreme responsibility, and we will be best fitted to carry it out by the furtherance of our physical, mental and spiritual development.

The matriculation students, realizing this, convey through the Camosun their thanks to all their teachers who have helped them in their academic and athletic activities.

This year the Camosun is being edited on entirely different lines. Several radical changes are being made. First, we are endeavoring to get along without advertisements. Although this is only an experiment, we hope that as a result, the Camosun will be a hundred per cent better and more popular magazine. Secondly we are including a greater number of write-ups and pictures than ever before.

At this point we take the opportunity of expressing our deepest personal thanks to the Staff advisers, the business managers, Louise Edwards and Walter Friker, and the assistant editors, Lorna Barker, Pat Crawford, Ernest McMinn and Tom Salloway. Without their wonderful help and co-operation the magazine could scarcely be called such. Our photographic work was done by Alec. Craigmyle, Ernie Rance, Walter Friker and Alec. Crawford.

Well, good luck to all the future Camosuns and here's hoping that we're all recommended.

Club Activities

STUDENTS' COUNCIL REPORT

The Students' Council of 1937-1938 has had a very successful year. We wish to thank the student body who elected us and co-operated with us to make this a memorable year.

Betty Mae Cameron, our able and enthusiastic president, was backed by twenty-three Council members. The chairmen of committees were as follows: **Social**, Jean Marsh and Gerald Bryson; **Athletics**, Bob Fields; **Public Speaking**, Ruby May Brown; **Publicity**, John Pickford; **Music**, Margaret Worth; **Dramatics**, Betty May Cameron; **Finance**, Keith Ralston.

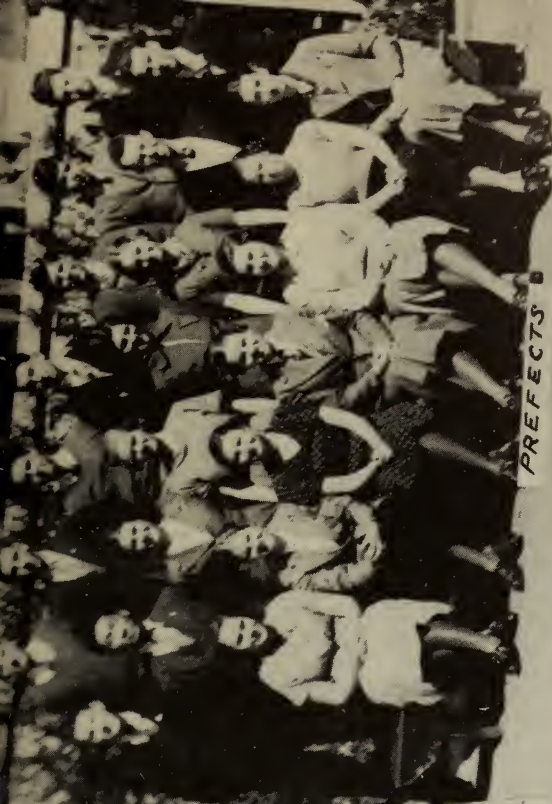
During the year, movies and pep meetings have proved enjoyable to the students. To support these activities, announcements have been made in assembly by the various members. Reduced prices have been given to Association Members in all cases. For the first time in many years a school paper, The Camosunet, has made frequent appearances. On December 17, a concert and dance were held. One of the biggest and most successful events of the year was the dance on the evening of February 18. Much credit is due to the Social Committee for this Valentine event.

Miss Doull and Mr. Roper are to be congratulated for the excellent Gymnasium Display of March 18 and 19. Miss Cameron and Mr. Dee and other members of the staff and student body helped to make the Christmas play and the Matriculation production the successes that they were.

In closing we wish to thank our Faculty Adviser, Mr. Hickman, for his valuable assistance and kindly advice, and also Mr. Smith who kindly sanctioned so many of our projects and entertainments.

Best wishes to the next Students' Council.

CECILIA WEBSTER, Secretary.



PREFECTS



SCIENCE CLUB



THE CAMOSUN

BETA DELTA

The year 1937-38, the club's twenty-seventh anniversary, was a full and interesting one for each member of the society. At the first meeting in November Don Fields was elected president and Bob Gonnason, secretary; after the '37 term, Thomas Wong became president and Don Fields succeeded Bob Gonnason. To Mr. Hardie goes the sincere gratitude of the members.

In this school year the Beta Delta advanced further than ever into the field of school functions. The Camosunet, the school paper, was placed under the chairman of the Literary section. The Stagecraft section, ably managed by Mr. Dee, had a very successful term. The ability of the Stagecraft section is ably proved by the fact that they made the scenery for the Christmas and Matric plays. MacKenzie and Mann were placed in charge of industrial surveys and reports. Other members handled the selling of refreshments at the school dances, a concession given by the Council.

The major activity of the club is, of course, debating. The first major debate was that between two BA teams at Langford. The topic, "Resolved that the increase in the radio tax is warranted," was won by Ralston and Kearney, upholding the affirmative.

A new encounter this year was the debate with the Chinese Youth Forum on the question, "Resolved that World Peace is to be found in Economics rather than Politics." McKeachie and Mann, upholding the affirmative, were unable to cope with their more experienced opponents, Mun Hope and Leslie Wong. Attracting wide interest, the Beta Delta-Portia debate, "Resolved that Instalment Buying should be regulated by Law," was held in the school library. Don Fields and Jim Kearney, defending the affirmative, bowed to the Portia team, Brenda Smith and Ruby May Brown. The climax of the Beta Delta year will be the engagement with Oak Bay.

In all public speaking, the keenness and proficiency shown will decide who is to be awarded the Rose Cup, symbolic of the school's best speaker.

Thomas Wong, Denis Simmons, Ernest McMinn, Bob Gonnason, Leslie Wong, Jim Kearney, Jim Codville were the recipients of the Beta Delta pins.

ERNEST R. McMINN.



CHOIR



ORCHESTRA



SOFTBALL



PING PONG



PORTIA



MATRIC PLAY



BETA DELTA

THE CAMOSUN

PORTIA

Under the presidency of Ruby May Brown and the guidance of Miss Roberts, the Portia Society had an interesting and successful year, culminating in a triumph in the annual debate with the Beta Delta Society. The girls who represented Portia at the debate were Ruby May Brown and Brenda Smith.

Lydia Gilliland and Mildred Duncan were successful in a debate with the Chinese Youth Forum, represented by Dora and Mun Hope.

The annual Silver Tea was well supported by many of the Society. The entertainment consisted of Christmas Carols and several interesting speeches.

Portia wishes to thank all the teachers and friends who acted as judges, and the pupils who faithfully supported Portia and so helped to make this year a successful one.

FRENCH CLUB

A la première réunion du Cercle français qui a eu lieu lundi, le quinze novembre, on a élu les officiers: Connie Sullivan, Présidente et Joyce Lennartz, Secrétaire. Les réunions ont eu lieu tous les quinze jours. Mademoiselle Hamilton et Monsieur Hickman étaient les conseillers.

Les séances ont été très intéressantes; Madame Sanderson-Mongin, Mademoiselle Hamilton, et quelques — uns des membres ont parlé. Monsieur Hickman a montré un film de l' Est du Canada. Nous avons joué des jeu français et chanté des chansons françaises. La dernière reunion a eu lieu chez Mademoiselle Hamilton quand elle était hôtesse à une soirée très agréable.

JOYCE LENNARTZ.

THE SCIENCE CLUB

Another successful year of the Science Club is drawing rapidly to a close. James Wood was president, Gordon Calderhead vice-president, and Charles Bates secretary.

The two-year-old Club has enjoyed throughout the term an interesting series of scientific talks and chemical demonstrations.

A demonstration of radio transmitting and receiving, given by Bob Acton and Michael Kelsey, and Mr. H. D. Wallis's talk on "Hobbies and jobs in relation to science," are two of the many highlights of the year.

THE CAMOSUN

Sincere thanks are due to Mr. W. G. Hamilton, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who made possible the opportunity for the members to tour the bank. The clearing house, the burglar alarm, the time clocks on the securities, cash deposit vaults were some of the interesting things appreciated by the members.

In closing, the club wishes to thank Mr. Lewis Clark, honorary president, very sincerely for his untiring services and co-operation with the executives in making this club so prominent in the school.

LESLIE WONG

Camosun-Camosunet Reporter.

STAMP CLUB

With Miss Adele Macleod as staff adviser, the Stamp Club had a very successful year. J. Gower was president and P. Cumberbirch secretary for both terms. Our usual procedure was an exhibition of stamps, a talk on some subject connected with stamp collecting, or a contest composed by one of the members.

Miss Macleod presented the club with a subscription to a stamp monthly during 1937. It is largely through her efforts that the Stamp Club has been such a success.

CAMOSUNET

The Camosunet was established last November by the joint suggestion of the Beta Delta and the Students' Council. The paper was to be managed by an editor from the Beta Delta and one from Portia, subject to the Publication Committee. Wally Friker was appointed business manager; Louise Edwards and Zena Doran typists, and Mr. Campbell acted as staff adviser. Coulson Pottinger and Heather Pottinger edited the first issue of seven hundred copies.

In January, when Coulson Pottinger left, Ernest McMinn took over, and later, after Heather left to attend a California teachers' college, Ruby May Brown became Portia editor.

The greatest problem was the lack of interest. Perhaps one shouldn't rant in a yearly report, but the apathy shown was maddening to the editor until he found that every other school paper had the same trouble!

Plans are being drawn up for next year's paper, a bigger and better one, run by a group of editors, each taking turns. It will cost more, as it should, because this year's nominal fee laid a heavy check on any ambition of expanding the paper, and so we hope that you, who will remain in the school next year, will have a paper of which you can be proud.

ERNEST R. McMINN.

THE CAMOSUN

DRAMATICS

The dramatic side of our school social functions was very successful this year. At Christmas there was an excellent programme consisting of orchestral, choral and dancing selections. A one act comedy, "The Hordle Poacher," with Victor Eaton, Betty Watts and Harold von Holstein-Rathlou, was presented under the direction of Mr. Dee.

The Matriculation Play, "Tweedles," by Booth Tarkington, was an outstanding success. In it, the trials of a young couple, "Julian Castlebury" and "Winsora Tweedles," in their fight for happiness, provide the main theme. Arthur Zala was particularly good in his portrayal of another light-headed young man. Lucy Huzzey was also good as "Mrs. Albergone; Keith Ralston as "Adam Tweedles," Barbara Miller as "Mrs. Ricketts," Margaret Worth as "Mrs. Castlebury," Don Corbit as "Mr. Castlebury," Victor Eaton as "Philemon Tweedle," were exceedingly good in their respective rôles.

Miss Cameron is to be highly complimented upon her fine directory of the play. Thanks are also due to the ticket-selling committee, Miss Sargent, Miss Hay, Mr. Dee, Miss Alward, and the stagecraft group.

BARBARA HUTCHEON.

ORCHESTRA

The V. H. S. Orchestra has enjoyed a very successful year playing at several outstanding public places such as the Empress Hotel, and Mr. Butchart's Gardens. The orchestra, although it is somewhat smaller in numbers this year, is fortunate in obtaining the services of a bassoon and an oboe player. Eleven members of the orchestra got together and formed a band to play popular music at the "Pep Meetings."

ERNIE RANCE.

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club has been active about Victoria High School for the last eighteen years, undertaking in that time varied service tasks for the furtherance of school projects, but in such a manner as to remain inconspicuous. The Victoria group is registered with the Federation of Canadian and American Hi-Y clubs, of which there are 5,600, and which have in all, 150,000 members. This local branch was formed in 1920 by Mr. Ira Dilworth, former principal of this school, and by Mr. Cross, former Boys' Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Since then other staff advisers have been: Mr. Smith, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Webber, and, at present, Mr. I. Clarke; also, Vivian Shoemaker has succeeded Mr. Cross. Present club officials are: George Bishop, president, Gerald Bryson, vice-president, Bob Fields, secretary, and Ken Wills, treasurer.

ERNEST McMINN.



SOCCER



GRASS HOCKEY



GYM TEAM



STUDENTS' COUNCIL



V.H.S. BASKETBALL



TUMBLING



SENIOR RUGBY

THE CAMOSUN

BOAT CLUB

The Boat Club was formed again this year in January under the supervision of Mr. Campbell. Weekly meetings were decided upon and a programme for the year was mapped out which included: (1) A speaker once a month, preferably a sea-captain who would relate some of his experiences at sea; (2) The exchange of books on boating and the sea between members; (3) The learning of the correct use and meaning of a large number of nautical terms; (4) The acquiring of reasonable skill in tying the most useful knots and in making a few simple splices; (5) A boating trip or picnic towards the end of the term.

A list of two hundred terms used in yachting and boat sailing was supplied to each member and a test on them was given one week later. The members making the two highest scores were to be president and secretary of the club. Douglas Bailey and Dave Anstey tied for first place and on a toss of a coin, Bailey was declared president and Anstey secretary.

A LETTER FROM THE PEP DEPARTMENT

(with apologies)

Dear Friends,

This year, with the aid of a very active Students' Council, we have introduced two things very important in bolstering that feeling of all-round goodwill (School Spirit); namely, cheering at the ball games and pep meetings. Our cheering was climaxed at that thrilling basketball final; after that game there was no doubt left in anyone's mind but that definite, organized cheering is something which has proved its worth. Next year we hope to put this over on a much higher scale.

Pep meetings also have served their purpose well. They do sell tickets. However I don't see why we should not get together at least once a month for a good time in the auditorium. We could then go in for local talent in a big way. The thing to remember, of course, is that pep meetings are entirely separate from school work, and our exuberance should not run over into the classroom.

Here goes for a bigger and better year, with more cheering, bigger and better pep meetings, and more of them.

Yours,

RAY WHITEHOUSE.

Girls' Sports, 1937-38

TENNIS

Entries are being taken now for the singles Tennis Tournament. Students will be coached in gym. periods, and it is hoped new tennis talent will be discovered.

PING PONG

This is the second year the school has had a ping-pong tournament, and it really got under way with a large entry list. The winner was Barbara McKay—who is, incidentally, singles champion of Western Canada. The runner-up was Joan Gill.

SOFTBALL

An inter-division softball league is being played off now that the fine weather is here. Last year's winner was Division 36.

HOCKEY

The hockey eleven put up a good fight for the May Tully Shield this year, but were forced to give way to Oak Bay High. Team is as follows: Jo Wilson (captain), Jane Clague, Pearl Anderson, Wendy Perkins, Ruth Oldfield, Margaret Beatty, Victoria Lyle, Margaret Sedgeley, May and Joan McDonald, Helen Ferguson, Hazel Hutchinson, Barbara McKay, Barbara Batchelor.

SWIMMING

A swimming club was formed this year, which met at the Crystal Gardens every Monday night.

SOCCER

A soccer league consisting of eight teams was formed this year. The final games have not yet been played off.

JEAN BAXTER.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball has had a very successful year. The team has dropped only two league games, both to the Provincial Recreation who won the Hamilton-Smith cup. The team consists of: Doreen Harte, Ethel Fitcheth, May MacDonald, Victoria Lyle, Mary McKeachie, Jean Baxter (captain), Dora Caley, Dorlaine Woodburn, Rosalie Bradford. The teams in the league and the points gained are as follows: Provincial Recreation, 12 points; Victoria High, 10; Oak Bay High, 8; Normal School, 6; Y.W.C.A., 4; Esquimalt High, 4; Victoria College, 0.

BOYS' SPORTS

Some of the biggest events in which the High School will undoubtedly win further honors will take place after this record is in type for the Camosun, but we will give you a record of the events which have already taken place.

GYMNASIUM DISPLAY

Under the leadership of Coach W. A. Roper and Miss Harriett E. A. Doull, star gymnasts and athletes put on a much appreciated Gymnasium Display which was held on two successive nights in the school gymnasium.

A natural dance arranged by Miss Doull and torch club swinging under Mr. Roper were among the most popular numbers of the Display. Other items on the programme included parallel bar work, work on the box horse, figure marching and drill, and tumbling, all by the boys; and folk dancing, club swinging, drill, old time dancing, and solo dancing by J. Pollock and E. Milne formed the girls' part of the programme.

TRACK MEET

The Track Meet will take place while the Camosun is being edited, and consequently the results are just a matter of surmise.

George "Porky" Andrews and Eva Mason captured the senior honours in the meet last year. In winning, Andrews amassed 9 points more than Fred Smith. Eva Mason gathered 21 points.

Edward Green won the intermediate boys' championship with a total of 19 points, and Darlaine Woodburn and Florence Kennedy tied for the girls' intermediate honors with totals of 13 points.

The junior boys' crown went to Jerry Chapman, and Ivy Dunnett took the junior girls' honors.

A new division for juvenile boys was introduced last year and Norman Carter took the honors with 17 points.



TENNIS



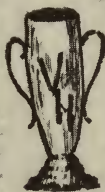
PEDEN CUP CHAMPS



SWIMMING



TRACK 1937



SWIMMING



V.H.S. BASKETBALL



TRACK 37



TRACK 37

THE CAMOSUN

SOCCER

Although 1937-38 has not been a highly successful season as regards the winning of cups, the various teams representing the school have enjoyed many exciting games. We were defeated by Mount View in the final for the Thompson Cup.

We were defeated by Oak Bay in the first round of the Colonist Cup competition by a score of one goal to nil. Although we were unfortunate enough to be without the services of three of our regular forwards, the substitutes played well.

The Worthington Cup has not yet been decided, and, whether we win or lose, we anticipate another close tussle.

Friendly games with Cranleigh House and the Oak Bay Fragments Cup eleven have been enjoyed by our younger players.

The following took part in the Thompson Cup Games: Saunders, Acreman, Minnis, Simmons, Pickford, Walker, McLean, Wallace, Fuller, Ord, and Anstey.

In the Colonist Cup Series, Simmons, Acreman and Pickford dropped out and their places were taken by Carter, Donaghy and Popham.

Hubert Cumberbirch handled the soccer.

PING PONG

Ping Pong received the usual show of enthusiasm from enthusiasts this year, and many keen games were played on the school tables. While the Camosun is being edited the annual tournament to decide the school champion will be played.

TENNIS

Tennis this year suffered a set-back as in the fall season there were no nets available, and the annual doubles tournament was unable to be run off. Coach William A. Roper announced that he hoped to run the doubles and singles tournaments off while the Camosun is being edited.



DAILY VIGIL.



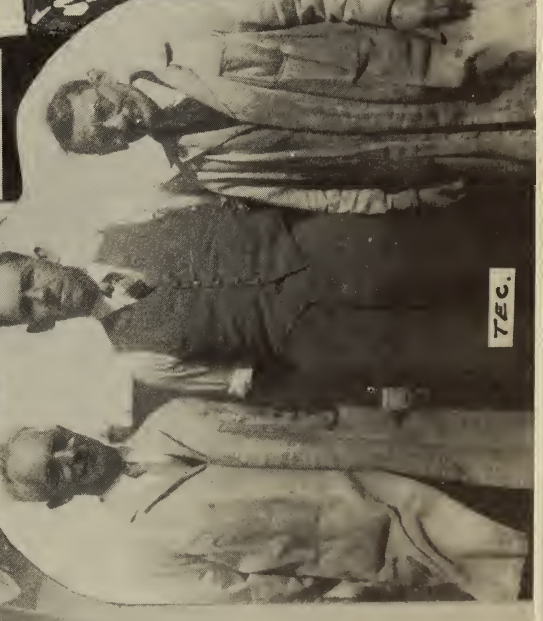
BONJOUR



IN MEMORIAM



HAIRCUT



TEC.



10 TO GO

ROAD-HOGS.

THE CAMOSUN

SOFTBALL

Although at the time of writing, softball has not yet got under way, Coach William A. Roper has announced that more than 150 boys have announced their intention of playing in a league. The players will be divided into a dozen teams and a league will be organized.

The team captained by Douglas Bray was successful in winning last year's league.

RUGBY

Our Senior Rugby Fifteen, coached by Mr. Wallis, lost out to Victoria College in the annual Kiwanis Cup game with a score of 9 to 8. Members follow: Alexander, Dreaper, B. Fields, F. Mylrea, Edmonds, Oddy, Williams, J. Mylrea (captain), Ngar, Wallace, Rowe, Holyoak, Martin, Garrison, Friker.

In the Howard Russell series, although winning the last game, we lost the cup as Oak Bay won on points after a tie game. George Brand coached and team follows: Saunders, Alexander, Jones, Codville, Bishop, Williams, Mair, Mann, Rand, Horne, Baxter, MacDonald, Westwood, Ludbrooke, and Tisdale.

Twelve of our players also had the honour to play on the Vancouver Island High School team.

The Blues took the Drake Hardware Cup, symbolic of V. H. S. supremacy.

BASKETBALL

In the most exciting game of the season our team beat out Magee High School for the laurels of the mythical B. C. Championship by a score of 50-40. Headed by Rowe, who scored 23 points, the team was: Rowe (captain), Friker, J. Mylrea, Whyte, B. Fields, F. Mylrea, Ross, and Acreman.

The Peden Cup series was played between our Shamrocks, victors of inter-league V. H. S. games, and the Mount View team. A two-game, total point series gave V. H. S. the cup.

ALEC MERRIMAN.



FINE THING

BIG BULLY!

HOLD EVERYTHING

CAN HE HOLLER!

KEEPS THE
POT BOILING

NICE WORK!

AVAST!

Skipper (X = $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$)

39 STEPS

STRIKE!



PERSONALS

1937 - 1938

Division One

PEARL ANDERSON

Does one see her out on the hockey fields occasionally? You'll get there some day—keep swatting at that old "pill."

LORNA BARKER

Our French and English Queen (or something!) and an editor of the Camosun. Good work, keep it up.

EVELYN BAVIS

Was it you I saw walking down the street with that handsome lad? Or was he your brother?

JEAN BAXTER

Our reference or encyclopedia on Walter de la Mare.

VIVIAN BLADE

The Algebra wiz. How do you do it, or is it inherited? P.S.—What's happened lately?

RUBY MAY BROWN

A "whiss" and a "flash"—she's here and she's gone—a fast moving young lady, very much liked in Division 1, also a v.g. debater—Congratulations.

MARGARET COOK

One of the five sweet symphonies.

ESTHER DICKER

Did you see her model a dress on Visitors' Day? Oh Boy!

IRIS DIXON

What is the great secret between you and Enid? You are always making signs of mirth to her in the room—Do tell; we want to laugh too.

ALICE GEE

You gave a great speech on the "Life of the Chinese Literature"—keep up the good work.

JEAN BAXTER

G. SULLIVAN

M. TAKAHASHI

ANNIE KATER

JOYCE LENNARTZ

DAVID PARFITT

M. WILLIAMS

PHYLLIS HODDER

JEAN PHILLIPS

IRIS DICKSON

ROBERT KATER

RUBY BROWN

ALICE GEE

GRANT WILLIS

D L I

ESTHER WELLS

NORMA LOVICK

EILEEN HARTLEY

EVELYN BAVIS

MURIEL HAWKES

MARY RIDDELL

ESTHER DICKER

WINIFRED LEES

PEARL ANDERSON

GASTON MICHAUX

MURIEL THATCHER

GEORGE GOWER

G. MACKINTOSH

ENID LONG

MARGARET COOK

JOAN LAWRENCE

HAZEL JACKSON

EDNA WONG

JAMES OLDING

VIVIAN BLADE

LORNA BARKER

JOAN MILLER

ELSIE GEORGE

THOMAS WOOD

THE CAMOSUN

GEORGE GOWER

Mieux vaut tard que jamais! I, why I never chew gum, Miss———.
(What do you chew then?)

ELSIE GEORGE

Division One's Lily Pons.

EILEEN HARTLEY

A silent painted flower.

MURIEL HAWKES

There was a young lady named Hawkes,
Who always had runs in her sox,
Her mother got mad
And so did her Dad,
So now she is dead in a box.

PHYLLIS HOLDER

Where there is a Holder, there is bound to be a Mackintosh.

HAZEL JACKSON

Our class artist—Winner of the poster contest; good work, keep it up.

ANNIE KATER

An industrious little girl. How did you like the play, Annie?

BOB KATER

How have the trout been biting at Thetis, Bob? Have you got any "big ones" to tell "fishy" stories about? Or did they get away?

JOAN LAWRENCE

Where there's a Joan, there's a Joyce. By the way, how do you get those high marks in French and Algebra?

WINNIFRED LEES

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman."

JOYCE LENNARTZ

Our class president, and a very good one at that—Good work, keep it up, Joyce.

ENID LONG

One of the four musketeers—Gwen, Connie, Mary, and Enid. How's the tennis and badminton getting along?

NORMA LOVICK

"The Ideal Student." She's always "on her toes."

GLADYS MACKINTOSH

Where there is a Mackintosh there is bound to be a Hodder. How is that "bridge up"? Excuse working these days.

GASTON MICHAUX

Open my heart, and you will see engraved inside of it: "Fishes"—an exponent of the piscatorial art. He is also a "ping-pong" fan.

JOAN MILLER

One of our partials.

THE CAMOSUN

JIM OLDING

Has anybody done this——? It's a well-known signal, eh boys?
No kidding, old Jim is one of the most popular in the Division.

DAVID PARFITT

Quiet in class but a big noise in the orchestra.

JIM PROUDFOOT

Jim has had a severe illness this year, from which, I understand, he has successfully recovered. Carry on, Jim.

JEAN PHILLIPS

Our glamorous prefect who wears red and uses the "prefect" to excuse her lateness.

MARY RIDDELL

One of the belles of the class and also a tennis player.

CONNIE SULLIVAN

Another Students' Councillor and President of the Cercle Français, and a very fluent one at that—Good luck in June, Connie.

MASA TAKAHASHI

How is the business getting on lately? Good luck in June, Masa.

ESTHER WELLS

"A good player who struts her hour upon the stage,
And is heard for evermore."

MILDRED WILLIAMS

Come, come, Mildred, remember the eleventh commandment — "Thou shalt first find thy subject and then thy verb."

GRANT WILLIS

Editor-in-chief of this magazine, Student Councillor, prefect and all the rest of it. Good luck, old man.

EDNA WONG

Quite a seamstress, eh? Also very good at cooking.

TOM WOOD

The "brain-wracked Bluenose" who has tried to make out this report.

Division Two

DOUGLAS ACREMAN

Our efficient President who does very well for himself on the soccer pitch. Doug is a telegraph operator in the Signal Corps and also finds time for homework.

GEORGE BISHOP

Aspires to be Flyweight Champion of B. C. We hear that he does very well on the tennis court.

ROSS BROWN

We don't see much of Ross because he's only with us for Algebra and Geometry. Ross believes that "Silence is Golden." Who can blame him?

THE CAMOSUN

JAMES BULLEN

"Hamish," the last member of the "Old School," wants to be the oldest man to Matriculate. Unfortunately, he missed a few months of school and his absence was sincerely felt by the class.

DONALD CORBETT

One of the stars of the Matric play "Tweedles." Don and his gray matter struggle arduously to help keep up the class average.

ALEC CRAIGMYLE

Is in his element when taking pictures. Our blond-haired "gentleman of leisure" is guilty (?) of taking naps.

DOUGLAS DICKER

If long, wavy hair has anything to do with violin playing, Doug should do quite well. For a glimpse of this famous chemist, take a look at the Library Prefects.

DONALD DRAPER

The "tough guy" of the class and also the cause of many a silent tear on the part of the weaker (?) sex.

RONALD EDWARDS

"Ronnie" is still another militiaman who hopes to protect (?) us from future invaders.

JAMES FINLAY

Jim hopes some day to make a living selling patent excuses for not having his homework done.

THEODORE GANE

Another braw Bricht "Kiltie" in the militia. Theo also did his bit for good ole Vic Hi by contributing to this marvelous (?) class report.

DONALD HODGINS

"Doc" is another aspiring (perspiring?) telegraph operator in the Signal Corps. Finds time for the Science Club. (Don't spread it around but he is also the class scribe.)

ALLAN JORDAN

With his red hair and twinkling (?) freckles, Red pursues "the even tenor of his ways."

KENNETH KEITH

"Buckwheat" is that handsome lad you see making a monkey out of himself in the gymnasium. He does a bit of Algebra just to keep in trim.

VICTOR KUSUMOTO

Lucky fellow! Vic escapes Physics and quietly makes his way down to Study Room A to do his homework. Is there no justice in this cruel world?

FRANK LAUGHLIN

His motto is "Hitch your bike to a car." Although his surname is Scotch (no soda please) origin, Francis leads the class in French.

WILLIAM McCULLOCH

The laddie from Langford who completely shatters all "country hick" traditions by making very good marks in English subjects.

WORTHINGTON

TED GANE

BILL McCULLOCH

PERCY POULTON

SAMUEL MILLER

ALLAN JORDAN

ALD DREAPER

VICTOR KUSOMOTO

JAMES FINLAY

KENNETH KEITH

IG ACREMAN

CHARLES PRIOR

ALEX CRAIGMYLE

ALBERT VEY

S BULLEN

ROSS BROWN

JOHN MYLREA

HENRY ROWE

JOHN MORGAN

ALEX MAR

GEORGE BISHOP

DON. HODGINS

ORLEY MAGGS

DON CORBETT

JACK PICKFORD

BOB MASON

RON EDMONDS

F LAUGHLIN

M SALLAWAY

ARTHUR ZALA

ROYCE MARSHALL

DOUG DICKER

DOUG WHYTE

GEORGE RICHARDS

THE CAMOSUN

MORELY MAGGS

Morely was absent a few weeks before Easter and has not yet "wandered back." We all miss him, still, one must remember that "Moose" will migrate.

ALEC MAR

Our well-dressed man. Often wished I could write as well as Alec (so do our most honourable teachers).

ROYCE MARSHALL

"THE Executive" personified. Class secretary, a member of the "Stoo-gent Council" and prefect. Royce belongs to one of those battalions that wear skirts.

ROBERT MASON

He plays baseball, basketball and is a good dancer (you can take our word for it girls, or can you?)

"He's little, but he's wise,
He's a terror for his size."

SAMUEL MILLER

Sammy is the able historian who brightens up many a period. He walks out of Room 4, leaving the rest of us to wonder why Euclid didn't bury his theorems.

JOHN MORGAN

Our husky little artillery man who delivers the Colonist to Miss Hay every morning at 8.40 but sometimes fails to deliver the goods to the other teachers. Or does he?

JOHN MYLREA

"O sleep it is a gentle thing." "Scotia," however, seemed very much awake in the Victoria vs. Magee senior championship game.

JOHN PICKFORD

Is M. C. of the Pep Meetings, member of the Students' Council and a speech maker on anything from lipstick to the "Preservation of B. C. Forests."

LESLIE PHILLIPS

Joined the Royal Air Force in England. Why does everyone leave us like that? Happy Landings, Les!

PERCY POULTON

Percy is about the only "Ham" (Radio bug) in the class. He stays up all night doing his Latin, or listenening to his receiver?

"Sleep shall neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid."

CHARLES PRIOR

"Shaggy" is our best (?) Romeo. He's usually found with George Richards, the anarchist, scheming against the teachers. Do they get away with it? NO!!!!

GEORGE RICHARDS

George is the type of student whom we all like. He's a good sport, and a friend to all.

"Be good and you'll be happy,
But you'll miss a lot of fun—"

THE CAMOSUN

HENRY ROWE

Our likeable, long and lanky star of the "Dominoes." We hope your Matric exam papers don't go in the basket "Hank."

THOMAS SALLOWAY

Should do well when he gets out of school as he's doing very good work now. (Teachers take note). He stands at the top of the stairs and bellows (?) "keep to the right, youse guys."

JOHN UHTHOFF

John won the Christmas Concert Poster Competition for us this year. Much to our regret, he left us to go to Oak Bay High.

DOUGLAS WHYTE

He played in that historic game between Victoria and Magee. "Mexie" settled down (?) to his work after that but still found time to coach the "Cards."

DOUGLAS WORTHINGTON

The mite(y) man of the class who always seems to have his homework.
"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

ARTHUR ZALA

Performed in the Matric Play "Tweedles." Art is another important student; besides being a Students' Councilman he is one of those perfect (?) Prefects.

Division Three

NANCY CAMERON

Nancy is an exponent of that well-known saying "Silence is golden."

BOB JOHNSON

Bob is Pender Island's gift to Vic High. This silent young man professes to take Biology—but don't let that fool you, he doesn't really.

DON FRASER

"Surely, surely Slumber is more sweet than toil." E'en so Don is noted for spasmodic bursts of homework before and even after exams.

SYLVIA PETCH

"Syl" one of our "clamour girls," helps to pull our average up (or down). But she's a swell girl and we all like her.

VIOLET HOWLAND

Roses are red, this Violet isn't blue,
For wherever Sylvia went, Violet's laugh went too.

MARGARET McCracken

Margaret hasn't been with us all year, but she seems to take our English teacher's mind off the rest of us.

JEAN MARSH

A young lady that has made the High School socials what they are to-day.

THE CAMOSUN

JOHN McKAY

In spite of his morning paper route, John seems to slide in the moment the last bell rings. Is an ardent (???) student of the classics under Miss Maxwell's supervision at 3.15.

DOREEN MURRAY

Our strawberry blond known as "Billie," is the sidekick of Jean Marsh. "Billie" is a favourite with all members of the class.

WINSTON PATTON

"O rest ye brother scholars
We will not labour more"

But don't get "Win" wrong, he loves homework.

IRIS NOEL

It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice. This prefect is one of the best sports in V. H. S., and is not lacking in brains either.

DONALDA PROBY

Whenever you find a chemical upheaval in class there you will find "Donnie" effervescing to overflow.

DON SMITH

There is a boy in our class,
A bright young man is he,
But take away his chewing gum,
And what would Don Smith be?

JOHN STEVENSON

Our live wire reporter and book of knowledge noted for his early exits from Captain Boyd's room. "Stevie" is the snoopy "Ambrose" of the Matric Play.

BERNICE TURNER

Our "Non Service" during composition periods. Never mind, Bernice, you're getting all the practice.

MARGARET WORTH

Our popular class president.

"She sat and sat but little thought,
What joy to her, her Latin brought—"

Also a member of the Students' Council, prefect and a budding actress of the Matric Play.

MARIANNE WINGATE

The secretary, Tillie the Toiler of our class and also a member of the Students' Council.

"Her eager chatter fills the air
And drives her teachers to despair."

MARIAN SKELLERN

What's Walt Disney got that she hasn't got although her works are traced. Sorry Wimpy!

ROXIE WILSON

Roxie is one of our "single file, please" girls. She is a swell sport and liked by all. She is also tops in Latin.



JOHN MACKAY

DONALD FRASER

M. SKELLERN

PHYLLIS STEWART

J. EMBLETON

ISABEL RAMSAY

CIL RUTLEDGE

BETTY CAMERON

SYLVIA PETCH

R. JOHNSTON

MARG. MCCrackEN

J. STEVENSON

MARG. WORTH

ANNIE CAMERON

ILET HOWLAND

MILDRED DUNCAN

DONALDA PROBY

M. WINGATE

EVELYN TAYLOR

THELMA ROLFE

MARGARET LYNN

DON CHRISTIAN

KEITH RALSTON

WINSTON PATTON

ROXY WILSON

BERNICE TURNER

IRIS NOEL

MARGARET JUPP

JEAN MARSH

DONALD SMITH

DOREEN MURRAY

JEAN ITO

ALICE HIPWOOD

M. McCULLOCH

THE CAMOSUN

JEAN EMBLETON

Div. 3's star chemist, who will go far. Next year she'll be soothing the fevered brows of the sick. She's an A1 person all around.

ISABEL RAMSAY

Isabel seems to enjoy French periods non-immensely. One of these days she'll tell us what the future gender is. Never mind, Isabel, you are a good student and a swell friend.

THELMA ROLFE

A very quiet young lady in school, but may frequently be seen tripping the light fantastic at Hudson's Salon De Danse.

CECIL RUTLEDGE

Div. 3's chief entertainer and lady's man. It is whispered that this young man with the curly hair would like to write short stories. Is A. H. the inspiration, Cecil?

DON CHRISTIAN

A young fellow who knows what the tongue's for. He and Don Smith are the class "bluejays."

PHYLLIS STEWART

A grand prefect and a swell friend. We wish we had the brains and curly hair that this girl has. Good luck in June, Phil!

PEGGY LYNN

A young lady who specializes chiefly in giggles and gum-chewing. Also a side-kick of Marian Skellern.

JEAN ITO

Jean is one of our few "bug-ologists." She is very quiet during classes, but you know the saying "Still waters run deep."

MARGARET JUPP

Another struggling scholar to whom Latin seems to be even deadlier than the proverbial doornail. We can't find an argument against that one Margaret.

KEITH RALSTON

Another prefect on the Students' Council, who also shines in the Beta Delta debates. He plays the title role in the Matric play "Tweedles."

MILDRED DUNCAN

Mildred, one of our few Geography students, is the very able vice-president of Portia. We don't hear much from Mildred, but frequently, she is annoyed by the person in front of her in history.

EVELYN TAYLOR

Evelyn arrives at school every morning with a different coiffure. It's quite the regular thing for Eve and Marianne to arrive late for every period. What's the attraction, girls?

BETTY MAE CAMERON

That talkative blonde who is president of the Students' Council. You'll see her wandering down the hall whistling her favourite theme, "Darling, I am growing old."

THE CAMOSUN

MARION McCULLOCK

Came from Saskatchewan a short time ago to join our hall of learning. Has made many friends with that ready smile and sunny disposition. Another stamp fiend.

ALICE HIPWOOD

Another of these silent zones. If silence is golden, this young lady has been on the gold standard the whole term.

Division Four

JOAN BLAND

The sophisticated charm of Joan's brunette loveliness and her engaging personality have made her a ruling beauty and hence we have a beauty ruling—she is the class president.

RICHARD LANCELOT HALE

Dick is the worried nerve-wrought class secretary, a darn good guy and, incidentally, a first class first-aid man.

DOUGLAS BAILEY

As a prefect he does point duty, as he is ambitious they "Lost and Found" him, as he is all right they honour him—member of HI-Y club, and as always he is president of the Boat club.

MARJORIE BLAKE

Well, she's quiet, studious, and a newcomer; all graces at least; and if all the girls at Oak Bay are like Marjorie, it must be an interesting school.

ETHEL BROWN

Let it ever be said of this smiling country maid that she loved Colwood more than she feared algebra and mixed up a little gift of making friends with her sojourn within our walls.

GERALD STEWART BRYSON

A sterling example of the successful young man. He is a prefect, our representative to the Brain Trust, head of the entertainment committee and vice-president of the Hi-Y Club.

HENRY BENNETT

Hank is the ideal schoolboy. He plays for the Shamrocks, is better than-the-average at football and softball, is popular with boys, can kid the girls, gets by in studies, enjoys himself and in turn is enjoyed.

MAURICE CHAN

He returned this year to "adjust" the Literature and History marks he made last year. Inscrutable as . . . as . . . well, just Solemn.

RODNEY CLACK

Under Mr. Campbell's guidance he is finding courage to emerge from his former unique attitude towards life and assert himself. Delightfully vague, don't you think?

PATRICIA CRAWFORD

Pat has a sort of languorous grace which added to her natural charm and perfect figure, makes her attractively "itty." On the Camosun board, too.

THE CAMOSUN

AUSTIN CULLIN

The most masculine person in the room. He has a manner of "don't-make-me-into-a-sissy" and curiously views his appointment as prefect with awe.

EDWARD DREWE

He has ash-blond hair, is slightly self-conscious but also is quietly intelligent.

GEORGINA DOWDALL

Georgie is a flower to whom all things are laughter, and her sheer sparkling good spirits which ever bubble over in class, are synonymous with social successes.

ROSE EASTON

To Div. 4 this partialesse brings the nicest eyes and pleasantest disposition into the school.

ROBERT BRACE FIELDS

The honest upright head of this youth is wreathed in laurels. He is the vice-president of the school, a prefect, secretary of the HI-Y club and besides playing Kiwanis Cup rugby, he plays Senior Basketball and . . . he is training his hair.

WALLACE FRIKER

Wally business-manages the Camosun and Camosunet. He played full-back on the Kiwanis Cup team, and played on the Senior all-star team.

DARREL HUGHES

Darrel, ironically, "Windy," has exceptional ability to be a good bad boy and a good, good one, and hence is a nonchalant fascinating combination of both.

LUCY HUZZEY

She is a partial and reserved. She gave a splendid performance in "The Tweedles" as Mrs. Albergone.

DENIS SIMMONS

Denis is a prefect, as head of the Beta Delta stagecraft section, he made the scenery for the Matric play. And even if he has that Cupid look he played good Senior Football.

ERNEST McMINN

Another brain wave. As head of the Beta Delta Literary section he is editor of the Camosunet and a member of the HI-Y club, an assistant Camosun Editor and a lance-corporal of the Scottish.

DAVID JONES

The div's radio and electricity bug. Dave's the electrician for the Matric play and one of the scenery makers.

AUDREY McNAUGHTON

A girl who hails from the C. I. L. Island. If all the girls on James Island are like Audrey it must be a cheery place to live in.

DOUG MARSLAND

A prairie boy who knows his gymnastics. Perhaps he could even teach Mr. Roper something, I don't think.



THOMAS WONG

A. McNAUGHTON

ERNEST McMINN

JOAN BLAND

BARBARA MILLER

DARRELL HUGHES

CK HALE

RY BENNETT

LUCY HUZZEY

DOUG MARSLAND

G. PETERSON

ROD CLACK

AY FELLOW

PAT CRAWFORD

G DOWDALL

WALTER FRIKER

ROSE EASTON

LEWIS SIMMONS

RAWNSLEY

GERRY PATERSON

ERNEST RANCE

GRACE STUART

DOUG BAILEY

GERALD BRYSON

OB FIELDS

MARJORIE BLAKE

MAMORU UYEDE

DAVID JONES

ETHEL BROWN

AUSTIN CULLIN

THE CAMOSUN

BARBARA MILLER

Another lady of the stage. The only one who ever goes in after school for help in maths.

GERRY PATTERSON

The div's star chatterbox. When Gerry gets mad with a teacher she makes a little poem up about that certain teacher.

GLORIA PETERSON

Gerry's side kick, but opposite. Gloria is a silent maiden, but does blushing ever bother you Gloria?

RAY PELLOW

Wimp is Jones' side kick by friend and radio and boat club. If anything is new in radio, Wimp and Jones maul it over for days to the detriment of their classes.

ERNEST RANCE

Camera addict and especially a girl fan. Ernie's in the orchestra and the 5th regiment. Another fighting warrior.

RAYMOND RAWNSLEY

I believe Mr. Roper enjoys reading Ray's poetry especially when Ray doesn't want him to. He quotes quaint little lyrics and fiery sonnets pulsating to the restless beating of his shifting affections.

GRACE STUART

The ideal flighty schoolgirl. The ideal frolicsome, flighty all-Canadian schoolgirl.

MAMORU UYEDI

Our little ju-jitsu expert whose theory is: hang on to the other fellow and you will get there also.

THOMAS WONG

President of the Beta Delta, prefect, original organizer of the Stagecraft club, and school poster designer, e.g. See Matric poster.

BETTY WEST

A girl from the prairies who finds hail there and Hale here even if it is a mild form.

KAYE HUTCHINSON

A recent addition to our class and what a dish on our platter of pretty girls.

Division Five

MARGUERITE ANDERTON

Marguerite's motto: "Silence is golden," she ought to be making a mint of money by now.

CHARLES ATKINSON

Charles is the possessor of a deep chuckle which resounds through the room at certain times. He is also noted for his many excuses.

JOYCE BEECHER

Joyce is one of our prefects. She is not heard much in class but she excels at examinations.



ORDON EWING

CHAS. ATKINSON

MAE CORNESS

IRIS RYLES

W. BUDELL

THOMAS FOX



M. ANDERTON



FUMIKO SHIMIZU



KAY SULLIVAN



M. PETHERBRIDGE



A. NEWSOME



MARG. SCHOLES



G. BROOKE



MARY NORTON



JOAN NOBLE



LILLIAN KNOWLES



PEGGY WHYTE



ZENA DORAN



VERA BROWNING



SHEILA McALLISTER



MA. BAKER



BOBB. ELMER



G. WEBSTER



YUKIYE IOI



R. CHRISTIANSEN



RUTH. DAVIS

OIV
5
COMMERCIAL

THE CAMOSUN

CHARLOTTE BROOKE

Charlotte is one of the girls that made the Gym Display such a hit. Her bookkeeping is good too.

VERA BROWNING

Vera may not make much noise but her marks simply shout at us at exam time.

WILLIAM BUDDLELL

Bill will go a long way in this world—if someone chases him!!

BERTHA CHRISTIANSEN

Bertha is never without Doris. If one is absent the other goes home.

MAE CORNESS

Mae and Iris are often seen snickering over some secret together. But they won't talk!

IRMA DAKERS

If Irma had lived about 20 years ago, she would have been about the first suffragette, the first business woman, and started the first anti-male campaign.

ZENA DORAN

Zena is a happy and gay soul who is quite content with her Trial Balance if it is only \$3,000 out.

LOUISE EDWARDS

"Coo" is the class's ace shorthand student. Her excuses amaze even the teachers, and her knowledge of books is pos-it-ive-ly overwhelming.

GORDON EWING

Ewing tops all the class in his bookkeeping. He is also a fiend at collecting stamps.

EVELYN FINLAYSON

Evelyn left us early this term. We wish her lots of success and good luck.

DORIS FLINDELL

Doris is one of the less boisterous members of the Division. She and Bertha are inseparable.

THOMAS FOX

Tom is the one and only member of the orchestra. Enough said!!

EUNICE GLOVER

Eunice is another one who left us early this term. Best of luck, Eunice.

YUKIYE IOI

Yukiye claims she can't help laughing at the trouble teachers have in pronouncing her name.

LILLIAN KNOWLES

Lillian is that flaxen-haired lass with the saucy curls you see strolling through the corridors. I mean that Lil does the strolling.

THE CAMOSUN

SHEILA McALLISTER

Sheila's broad grin and trilling (?) laugh are tell-tale signs of her rare sense of humour.

AUDREY NEWSOME

Audrey is our class president. She is one of those lucky creatures who can sit back and smile when History tests come along.

JOAN NOBLE

Joan is another less audacious person who is content to merge her personality with Mary's.

MARY NORTON

Mary's giggling and hand-waving rival those of Zasu Pitts.

RUTH PAYNE

Ruth is quiet and serene, but she thinks a lot.

MURIEL PETHERBRIDGE

Geography periods seem to make this unusually quiet girl somewhat "pixilated."

IRIS RYLES

Iris and Mae are those two flitting shadows you see at a quarter to nine every morning dashing to the lockers.

MARGARET SCHOLES

Marg is our human dictionary and book worm. She digests six or seven books a week just for an appetizer.

FUMIKO SHIMIZU

Fumiko and Yukiye both share the same opinions, jokes, text-books, and lunches.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN

"Daisy" may take two or three holidays a week but she still shows us up at exam time.

CECILIA WEBSTER

Cis is our other prefect and also secretary of the Council. She's a very nice girl but beware of her puns!!

MARGARET WHYTE

Peggy is class secretary and star basketball player. She surely can sink some mean baskets.

THE CAMOSUN

Let's Whisper about...

DIVISION VI.

Division VI., a 3rd Year Commercial class, has a majority of girls over boys. We register in room 32 under the able supervision of Mr. Heywood.

Doreen Cox.—The heavy burden of class president has fallen to Doreen, and the business of secretary to Jean Fenwick. They both manage our business in a very **capital** manner. Miss Fenwick, I might add, always has a quick retort to Mr. Kennedy's "ad infinitum" supply of Latin derivatives.

Margaret Barnes occasionally attends school. We don't know how she gets through the exams (neither does Margaret).

Dora Hope and **Donald Holstein** always manage to keep the class awake during a very dreary English period each day.

Enid Browne.—This intelligent lass represents the commercial classes in that well-known society, "Portia."

Teddy Bradford is our female "Lefty Gomez." When she pitches, watch those curves (I mean the ball).

DIVISION VII.

We of Division VII., under the supervision of Mr. Hughes, our registration teacher, are a technical class, consisting entirely of boys, a great asset to the school. Very numerous indeed are the genii in our room:

Alec "Skit" Walker.—Alec is our able class president. He is also a member of the rugby and football team.

Norman Loudoun.—Norm is roundly teased by the class—he has a crush on a femme he does not know—but so what?

Ray Winterburn—the "marvel" in French. It is nothing for Ray to string off his "parley-vous français."

Dick Wright.—Dick is a carpenter deluxe. At the shops he is usually seen wrestling with some difficult joint.

Stewart Robinson.—Stewart was our secretary, but now he is in the Vancouver police force.

DIVISION VIII.

In spite of the fact that we are one of the smallest classes in the school, we know (and we hope the teachers know) that we are one of the most outstanding. In case you doubt this statement here are a few of our members:

Annie Maclean.—Perhaps you have seen a footstool going up to college—with our president on the heavy end.

Joan Line.—She always has a "line" or two for all the teachers.

Marge Delf.—Marge finds the most opportune times to be ill and on top of that to take a few weeks off.

THE CAMOSUN

Mabel Chan.—It's a mystery to the teachers where Mabel disappears, we all wonder how she does it.

Maude Deane-Freeman is our secretary.

Phyl Dodsworth.—She just can't take those week-ends, if the Monday morning slip proves anything.

Gwen and **Evelyn** don't seem to have enough slips without those 8.45 ones from the office.

DIVISION IX.

Despite the fact that our registration teacher, Mr. Cumberbirch, told us that the pun is the lowest form of humour, weak specimens of this jokery are continually being cultivated in the minds of Division IX. The offenders are George "Toddy" Todd and Don Fields.

We were a little worried over Canada's defence problem but our president, James Wood, eased our minds. You see, Jim joined the militia.

Bill Brown, who is fast becoming a rugby player, is the student who, in a geometry lesson, thought that certain lines were called "biceps" instead of "intercepts."

Freddie Winslow is an up-and-coming basketballer despite the fact that he thinks the Supreme Court is the latest kind of basketball floor.

Ted Ritchie, who dresses up in checkered clothes, is the playboy of the class.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all." Yes, that's **Johnny Metro**, who possesses the same fascinating powers of oration as Mussolini.

DIVISION X.

Division X. is a class of individuals who can not agree on one subject. Some take Chemistry and French, others Biology and Latin, and rest take both. Mr. Webber, our registration teacher, tries hard to get silence at one o'clock, but since "Speech is Silver, Silence is Golden," most of the class seem to be off the gold standard.

Mildred Irwin certainly has that schoolgirl complexion, or is it a blush that suffuses her countenance? Franky Alexander is hardly ever seen without Millie. If you ever see two girls entwined about each other's necks it's Denise and Betty. Wm. Blissit, our secretary, is that youth from California, a deep thinker and a heavy reader. Bert Perry is our class president. He doesn't need to look at a calendar to know when spring has come. He gets those looks from a certain member of our class. Ah! Spring!! And last but not least, our "Song of India," Spooky Singh.

In signing off I might say, Mr. Campbell calls people like yours truly, "the would-be humorous."—Bob Gonnason.

THE CAMOSUN

DIVISION XI.

The outstanding feature of this class is, not the pupils but the number of registration teachers. So hard are we on teachers that up to date we have worn out ten. It is our belief that their nerves just can't stand the strain of every morning having to find the one missing person needed to balance the slip. Although registration takes up at least ten minutes of the day we find time to do numerous less important things.

Personalities:

Jo Wilson wields a mean stick at hockey and wishes a pair of feet at feminine football.

Sars Martin does his stuff on the rugby team.

Pete Walker.—The school to him consists of two rooms—the auditorium and the study room.

Jim Mair.—His philosophy just about sums up the whole class's—If you're asked a question, don't answer whatever you do, just be silent and wait—the period's bound to end some time.

DIVISION XII.

Division XII. is a class chiefly composed of prospective farmers (Agriculture students). Among its members are such distinguished names as:

Alec Merriman, our class president, whose capacity for writing news for a local newspaper has given much publicity to our school events.

David Monk, our revered slip carrier, who has handled this difficult and extremely nerve-racking job so efficiently that we feel we cannot overlook him.

Fred Acreman and **Doreen Harte**, whose prowess on the basketball court have won them places on the school "rep" teams.

Stanley Smith, the boy with the ripe tomato complexion, who recently wore a bright vermilion coat to school. After that first unfortunate day, he stopped wearing it.

Leslie Wong, distinguished member of Beta Delta and our class artist, whose colourful posters in the halls are extremely artistic.

DIVISION XIII.

We of Division XIII. believe that too much work is bad for the system, and that there is nothing like laughter to brighten up each period. However, under the guidance of Mr. Hickman, our registration teacher, we have hopes of success at the end of the year.

Some prominent class members are:

Fred Crewe, capable president, and **Phyllis Dickinson**, popular secretary, do a good job managing class affairs.

Barbara Hutcheon—that very busy young lady who sees that we are well represented on the Students' Council.

THE CAMOSUN

Audrey Porter, an up and coming poetess.

John Stewart, our star of track and field. John holds the record for that sprint to the classroom just as the bell rings.

Alan Rhodes.—From the way he dashes out of the room at twelve o'clock and 3.15 one might form the opinion that Alan doesn't like school very much.

DIVISION XIV.

Dot Hudson proves to us that good things come in small packages.

Joyce and **Gladys** are always together—like coffee and doughnuts.

Elynth Anderson, class secretary, has the last word in all the arguments with Mr. W.

Pearl and **Ruby** are the centre of commotion during the classes, but they're happy about the whole thing.

Leona Bennett has a lease on one of the desks for bookkeeping, even if she has to stay after 3.15 to prove it.

Faith Goodman is the pride of all the teachers and collects high marks in bookkeeping as a hobby.

Ruby Bannister, our personality girl, who believes in being everyone's friend.

Beryl Saunders is the little red-head—even if she won't admit it. Our class also boasts of good basketball players and congratulations go to Gladys McAnerin, May MacDonald and Derlaine Woodburn.

DIVISION XV.

Division XV. is a second year class with 41 members registering with Miss Clay. It is a commercial division and should act very businesslike, but some of our teachers can't imagine us working in offices posing as stenographers and bookkeepers. Our affairs are well taken care of by our president and representative of the 5th Colonel Higgins with Florence Rowley as secretary. We make no claim to musicians or great athletes, although:

Dot Fuller and **Beth McNair** can swing a mean baseball bat.

Norman Little is the class clown and usually manages to keep us in good spirits during the dullest of periods.

The "rise" and "shine" girls are **Kay Fowler** and **Florence Rowley**. They are always just in time to be late for the one o'clock bell.

Dorothea Fuller and **John Logie** have been successful in getting Pitman Certificates for writing shorthand at 80 words per minute.

Dorothy Robertson and **Marcia Beach** have led in typewriting scores, with 52 words per minute and 46 words per minute respectively, for ten minutes and no errors.

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DIVISION XVI.

Ken Wilson, our worthy "Pres." Ken seems to have followed the popular trend to-day and changed to "Ethyl."

Gilbert Gibson, the boy who is always giving the teachers the slip. Otherwise a great mathematical mind.

Hugh Ramsay (Fat), the humorist. Very much that way about a certain D. T. in Division XVIII.

Donald Porter, our swingtime Romeo. Don's life ambition is to swing it way out wide. Can be found sleeping in any room every day after school.

Ken Davies.—Ken tells me he is going to be a hairdresser. Guess he can't help getting in people's hair.

Chester Cotter.—Appearance—like a guitar, weakness—playing a guitar. Hangout—near a guitar, occupation—playing a guitar, ambition to play a guitar.

You might appreciate these: Graham Scott, journalist; Bob Akins, engineer; Alec Crawford, artist, and Jimmy Firth, the humorous hope.

DIVISION XVII.

Class Report.—Division XVII., Grade 10 class, has a reputation for smartness, but a far wider one for noisiness. An all-boys' class, register with Miss Cameron in Room 18, and take a general course, in what our teachers consider to be, too much a general fashion. Although we are smart, one of our honorable instructors, in a fit of exasperation, said that we were so dumb that we thought there were five wheels on a basketball coach. One bright lad instantly answered that he wasn't that dumb, he knew there were only four wheels.

Ken Wills is our class president, and is supposed to set an example in the classroom as regards behaviour, but sometimes forgets himself. Our mental geniuses are Ben Mar, also handy with a basketball, Wally Williams, quite a rugby man, Jim Codville, some debater, and George Le Bus.

Others of the nobility are: Jerry Horne, rugby, basketball and the women; Eric Hughes, a star in Mr. Roper's gym class; Vincent "Winnie" Henry, rotten jokes and crooning; ditto, Norm Heaslip, 1922 Chev. coupe, maybe no springs but honest weight; Lorne Fuller, high scoring star on the school soccer team.

So in conclusion may I say that we are the ideal co-operative class. Ideal because there are no females, and co-operative because we stick together when it comes to leading teachers away from the subject.

—Jim Kearney.

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DIVISION XVIII.

We, Division XVIII., are the Home Ec-ers. Perhaps that accounts for the absence of the slower sex in our room. Among the notorious are:

Faith Sinclair, she of the raven locks, whose witty(?) remarks fill the room, is our class president.

Betty Francis, the sec.-treasurer, often leaves a curl or two in her hair.

Bernice Buttress tells us all about it Monday morning.

Peggy Day, our beautiful nurse-to-be, is that brunette with the dimples.

Mary Leung is Beatrice Jung's slight dark shadow.

Kitty Staverman rivals **Peggy Laughlin** for highest marks in French. We're not forgetting **Joan** and **Doreen Toms**. At first we got them mixed up. But, we know now. If you continue your conversation with one of them and she seems bewildered, that's sure to be the other one.

Audrey Dawnham, a new addition to our class, is, we think, the only possessor of an aeroplane license in the school.

There are still more, 35 in all, but these are the most wicked.

DIVISION XIX.

Division XIX. "whistles while it works!" It registers with Mr. Brand in Room 23—and to some extent with other teachers we hope. In sports, we yield to none. Humber, Banner and Parfitt, star in basketball, and Popham, Minnis, Sutton, George and Wong in soccer. Tennis, softball, hockey and soccer interest the girls.

Don Smyth is our class president. His song is the current one.

Betty Southern, our attractive class secretary, is a member of the Students' Council.

Dale Miller, our artist, wins poster competitions, and is an expert side-tracker.

Frances Smith has been known to bat a hundred in Geometry.

Alex (Benny Goodman) Holder is our king of swing, and Caper cutter-upper.

Molly Morton, our danseuse, is one member of the class always on her own toes.

Ed. (Tiny) Banner is only six feet three, but give him time, he will grow up.

Jack Smith is the mariner member of the Sea Cadets. (All gals love a sailor).

Daryl Wille, an author of some experience.

Division XIX. is scientific. So would you be with six periods of science per week. And still it whistles!—Sheila Graves.

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DIVISION XX.

We girls of Division XX. are by no means lacking in A's and B's on our reports, if it's brains your after. As far as we can make out from our new-fangled report cards, Miss Myra Batchelor seems to be our head student, finding herself with a report card full of A's and B's.

But of course we are not **too** occupied with our studies to mention our most worthy leaders—president, Doreen Kenmuir, and secretary, Alice Stone. They have managed us very well up to the present.

Once in a while we forget our duty to the division and leave map-drawing and art-work to Elizabeth McLagan and Dorothy Davis, our artists.

The students of our class have recently been astounded by the brawn and brains of a new-comer. Miss Barbara Batchelor, who is not only a whiz at school work but also very smart at hockey.

Miss Frances Doble is the belle of the class. She is really a young lady well worth meeting, with wavy hair and big brown eyes.

—Hilda Chalk.

DIVISION XXI.

Well, sir, I mind the time when I was in the port of Victoria. I met some young lads from the High School, Division XXI. They said they were bound for the technical shops. There was one lad, George Baxter, who represented some council or other. Well, sir, it seems to me these lads elected a first officer named Donald Sceats. The crew also voted for Gerald Ascroft as chief purser. They told me some yarns about their class; how Kieth Moors showed the rest of 'em how to do French. Douglas Mackenzie was the shanty man and he helped Harold Severs keep the crew's spirits up. Their wireless operator was Red Sellick, who has his own rig.

The lads said their home port was Room 17, and their skipper was Miss Sargent. Well, sir, all in all they rank among the most ship shape lads I ever met, and you can steer by that!

DIVISION XXII.

Ours is a Tech. division composed entirely of boys who are filled full of the old school spirit, and we don't have to uncork any flagons to get at it, either. Among the many notables imbued with this spirit are:

Stan Clarke, our class president and a somewhat portly youth.

Dick Donaghy, a genius at "Soccah," he is on both Junior and Senior teams.

Denis Perrins, gym team member and general muscle-man, sports quite a cerebellum when it comes to Algebra.

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Lorne Ross, hoop-star and member of the Senior High team.

Percy Pike, radio fiend, who operates short-wave station VE5ADL. Want to call him up sometime?

Russ Bales, a Colonist carrier and "sauerkraut" adict. He'll turn into a German one of these days.

Herb Tisdale, a member of the "Blues" and the "Shamrocks." If you want more just ask him.

DIVISION XXIII.

We of division XXIII. register with Miss Hamilton, our French teacher. Some of us take two languages, others one.

In our room resides that notorious cheer leader, Ray Whitehouse. Ray, along with being class president, is the general crooner, whistler and noise maker. Of course his name is whispered far and wide, especially by the skirted ones.

Some of our other bright lights are:

Evelyn Shildric, the secretary of our class.

Tommy Treherne.—It is generally believed that Tommy wrote a perfect science paper. He is also good at mathematics.

Dave Wilson, our dashing young hero who performs with Mr. Roper's gym team.

Bill Clarke, our Students' Council member.

This division also makes its contributions to the choir and orchestra.

We also have our stock of girls who converse by secret methods across the room, and those who think that man, before the time of round wheels, was forced to use square ones.

DIVISION XXIV.

Division XXIV. is a commercial class of all girls, and is the smartest of the grade 9's.

Elsie Ingledew was born with a great imagination which is increasing rapidly. She always finds an excuse for getting out of dry periods by getting sick.

Audrey Draper is the smallest in the class—she often gets lost going from room to room but usually arrives in one piece.

Joan Pearce promised to be our class president providing she would have no speeches to make—just a publicity stunt.

Irene MacIndoe is very small, but she can always protect herself from the grinding laws of Mr. Welsh.

Dora Caley and **Barbara MacKay** are our two husky athletes. Barbara is especially good at ping-pong—she is the one with the soprano voice. Oh yeah!!

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Doris Griffin tells us that she hates boys—I wonder!!

Betty Davies is our class secretary and is very fond of mumbling when asked a question by Mr. Kennedy.

May Williams is the bright star of Division XXIV.—she knows everything.

DIVISION XXV.

Division XXV. is a class of Commercial “Heavenly Maidens,” always laughing their cares away.

Ruth Belcher, our able class secretary, who has a jolly personality.

Effie Chow, one of our smart girls. Also known as Fee Fee.

Lorene Casson, our brown-eyed soprano always singing to herself makes everyone else feel like crying.

Betty Honess is usually seen in the typing room after lunch. (We wonder why, Oh, yeah!).

Winnie Jordan, the golden-haired president and also one of the best liked girls in the class.

Joan Petch, the class jester in shorthand when the dull atmosphere starts to come.

Dorothy MacKay, one of our best artists and one of the sports maidens.

Virginia Fisher, the best swimmer of the class who is nicknamed “Ginny”.

DIVISION XXVI.

Division XXVI. is a mixed class amongst which there are many notables.

Harry Green and **John Banister** are the two people in the room who keep the class in an uproar of laughter. Most every day one can find them having “Tea” on the third floor after school.

Doris Hunt is our one representative in the choir.

Bob Wallace is our prospective football player.

Margaret Chappell.—Gum chewing is one subject which she and the teachers don't agree on.

DIVISION XXVII

Division XXVII. is a small commercial class. The majority of which are the “Fairer Sex.” We are very fortunate in having Mr. Dee as our registration teacher.

The outstanding personalities are:

Cliff Howell, our able president.

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Blanche Joyce, treasurer.

The Robson Sisters, information bureau.

Margaret Gardiner, the Lily Pons of Division XXVII.

Billy Hoskyn, the pest of the class.

"Smoky" H. and his military teeth (all out at the front).

Donald "Dodo" MacKay, Mr. Welsh's sparring partner.

L. Kelly, the absent minded professor.

Our contributions to the sports field are: **Tom Carney**, **Eric Holyoak** and **Joe Linn**.

DIVISION XXVIII.

Division XXVIII. is our division. and we register on the third floor with Mr. Wallis of whom we are all very fond. We are a Grade IX. class of girls and boys and a happy mixture of French and Latin.

Robin Wood, our class president, is very capable of holding his position. He was also in the Gym display.

The secretary, **Jim Harvey**, works very hard. He is one of our brilliant students, and a member of the Beta Delta Club.

There is just one of our division who is in the choir.

There are some who seem particularly interested in Science. Are you going to be chemists, or scientists, etc? We wonder.

You may wonder if there is any more to come so we will stop now. Good-bye!

DIVISION XXIX.

Division XXIX. is a mixed class of boys and girls, although anyone passing our room at certain times of the day would get a decided impression to the contrary. But, besides our few boisterous moments, we are really an intelligent group. A few of our prominent personalities are:

Leslie Irish, our president who handles our class affairs judiciously. **Irving Scott** makes an able secretary-treasurer. **Alan Peterson** is our pride in the Science room. **Rosemary Berger** astounds us all in French, and mentioned the other day that she hoped to become an interpreter. In the art class our prize artist is **Alan Blaney**. **Bill Prior** is our mathematician and thinks nothing of getting perfect in any type of maths. On the sports list we are well represented. In Soccer we have **Bill Prior**, **Harold Wiltshire** and **Ray Masters**. In basketball, **Bill Stevenson**, **Richard Lowe** and **Bob MacDonald**, and in grass hockey we have **Margaret Gibson**, **Eileen Cromac** and **Isobel Chisholm**. These with the rest combine to make ours a fine division.

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DIVISION XXX.

as the city slickers call it (they're jealous).

We are a mixed division, quite a few of us coming from the sticks, The outstanding students are **Emma Chan**, **Bob Calvert**, our able class president. **Howard Stephens**, our smiling class secretary and **Ian McLean**, who has the mysterious knack of obtaining hundreds in History.

Miss Shields, our lovable registration teacher has been so nice to us we can't help but feel indebted to her.

The wit (supposedly) and incidentally other things, that fly around our class rooms are something terr—if—ic!!!

Who are the two "dashing Romeos" in our small division who believe in half holidays now and again?

What about the boys who went caddying (we wonder!?!) in the winter golf tournament.

DIVISION XXXI.

Division XXXI., which consists wholly of forty prelims, is a mixed class. It may be the lowest division in numbers, but it is composed of all the high-rankers from public schools. We have a great registration teacher, even if he has got a small car. I refer to Mr. L. Clark. Our able class president is **Douglas Jung**, and our efficient secretary is **Barbara Smith**. We are represented in many school activities. **Douglas Jung** and **Jean Sinclair** are the male and female representatives for Grade nine to the Students' Council, while **Netta Hunter** and **Jimmy McKeachie** are Grade nine representatives to the Portia and Beta Delta Societies respectively. Some of our classmates have great ambitions. Our red-headed cow-puncher from Arizona is planning on a scientist's career. The brains of the class are to be found in **Charles Dudley Maunsell**. Well, I see my space is about all used up, so I will say "au revoir."

NATURE'S MOODS

A golden sunset in a crimson West,
A rolling blue wave and white capped crest,
The purple winged even and gray twilight,
The ruddy moonbeams on an Autumn night
 Show Nature in beauty
 And Nature at rest.

A thundering crash on a rock bound shore,
The tumbling rush of a torrent's roar,
The vivid hue of a lightning flash,
The stinging cut of the wind's whip-lash
 Show Nature in anger
 And Nature at war.

—MARION McCULLOCH, Div. 3.



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Literary Section

THE BITER BITTEN

It was eleven thirty in one of New York's busiest streets. On each side tall skyscrapers, in which was done the business of the present and future, tapered up into the cloudy sky. In one of the street's many blocks there seemed to be less noise and bustle than was characteristic of the others. This block contained mostly business offices where the richer classes had the opportunity of charging stupendous fees. Beside the entrance of one of these huge buildings stood Tony's fruit shop, which was one of the few stores in the block. Inside the shop Tony was busy placing his fruit to their greatest advantage so that any customer who was a little short-sighted might be easily fooled as to the quality of his various wares.

Outside the store lounged a poorly-dressed youth of approximately sixteen years, who seemed to be studying very earnestly the different fashionable cars what were drawn up to the curb and were awaiting the arrival of their mistresses or masters. One car in particular seemed to attract his attention, and he made his way towards it in such a fashion that the chauffeur of the car did not observe him. Upon reaching a certain point the youth stopped and taking up once more his lounging position he eyed the car with a speculative look.

Mrs. Graham Jonston stepped briskly out of the building and looked around the luxurious car. Her chauffeur on seeing her tucked away his dime novel and quickly got out of the car to open the door for her. She gave him a condescending smile as she got in and proceeded to make herself comfortable in the large and soft back seat.

"Better take me straight home, Ferguson," she said, and settled back in the cushions for the long drive.

The car started to slowly nose its way out of the curb and get into the main stream of traffic. As it did so a figure ran from the sidewalk into the path of the slowly moving automobile. Ferguson jammed down hard on the brakes, but before the car completely stopped it gave a slight bump and the figure in front of it disappeared under the bonnet.

Mrs. Graham Jonston gave a helpless scream and the chauffeur hastily got out of the car to have a look at the damage. Tony came running out of his shop and bent over the unconscious figure of the youth. He then picked him up in his strong arms and proceeded to carry him into his shop followed by Ferguson and Mrs. Graham Jonston.

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"He co' to soon now," declared Tony as he dashed some cold water into the youth's face.

Mrs. Graham Jonston walked up and down the store and wrung her hands, "Oh, I hope the poor boy is not hurt!" she wailed and touched a bit of lace to her eyes. The thought of a serious accident and perhaps a visit to a local police station was not a very pleasant one.

However the youth then opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Feel O. K. huh?" asked Tony as he helped him to a sitting position.

The youth said that he thought he was all right and looked up at Mrs. Graham Jonston who gushingly said,

"I'm so glad you feel all right now," and then with a generous smile she added, "and I think I know how to put things all right between us." Forthwith she opened a large fat purse and abstracted from it a roll of bills.

The youth's eyes sparkled and Tony uttered a deep throaty chuckle.

"There are ten five-dollar bills for you," said Mrs. Graham Jonston, and with a superior smile which hid the relief in her face she handed the roll over to the boy. She then turned on Tony and to satisfy his want she bought a big basket of fruit, and giving him a five-dollar bill told him to keep the change.

Outside in her car she heaved a sigh of satisfaction, "Thank goodness I got out of that scrape all right!" she said to herself and then ordered Ferguson to drive home.

Inside the store Tony was rubbing his hands together, "Good work keed," he said, "You maka de beesiness go vera nize for Tony. Hand over de monee."

The youth obeyed and Tony, taking two of the bills from the roll, handed them back to him and said, "You go home now, but com' back in de morneeng tomorra, eh?"

"O. K." growled the youth now very much alive after his seeming shake-up, "But uh better not get in front of any cars again for a bit or the saps will be gettin' wise." With that he lounged into the street and was quickly swallowed up by the crowd.

That evening as Mrs. Graham Jonston was reclining on an expensive chesterfield her husband came in from a busy and successful day in the business world.

"Well, dear," he said as he lit a costly cigar, "and how did you get along to-day?"

"Pretty well," she answered and rested her portly form more securely on the sofa. "One little incident had me scared for a bit though," and she told him of the slight accident which had occurred outside Tony's fruit shop. She ended her story by adding, "So I gave the kid ten of those five-dollar bills you wanted me to get rid of."

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"That's all right," said Mr. Graham Jonston, "although it was not very profitable for us in a cash sense. However, it was worth it seeing that the kid did not squawk to the police, and anyway, he'll probably spend the money as he needs it at small stores, so there is not much fear of it being traced to us."

"He was so dazed he wouldn't recognize me again I don't think," said Mrs. Graham Jonston, "and I won't be going to that part of the city for a week or two, so there is nothing to worry about."

"I'll be wanting you to get rid of about two hundred and fifty dollars to-morrow," said her husband as he threw his cigar into the grate, and with those final instructions he left her lying on the chesterfield.

* * *

Two days later Tony was fixing his fruit in the usual manner when in walked the lounging youth who seated himself on a barrel and began to eat an apple.

"What's doin' to-day?" he asked between mouthfuls.

"Nothing," answered Tony, "You jus run ma errand an lay low and no let no one see you much. Onerstand?"

"Sure," grinned the kid and disappeared in the back of the shop.

Outside a powerful car had drawn up to the curb and three grim looking men got out. They looked down the street and on spying Tony's store they started to walk towards it. Tony looked up as they entered. "Lika de somting?" he asked, as he wiped his hands on his apron.

"Are you Tony Luchelli?" demanded the tallest of the three men.

"Ya," said Tony, and a look of suspicion came into his eyes.

"I'm sergeant O'Dell," continued the man, "and I arrest you Tony Luchelli, on the charge of distributing counterfeit bills and I warn you that anything you sav now will be used as evidence against you in court."

Tony, despite his brown and oily complexion, turned first white and then green. The sweat stood out on his forehead and a look of bewildering surprise overspread his face. Suddenly he seemed to go limp and with a muttered curse said, "O. K."

The second man came out of the back of the shop leading the youth firmly by the collar.

"Better take the kid along," he snapped, "he's probably mixed up in this too!"

The police thought that they had solved the mystery of the recent flooding of counterfeit bills in the city's business section, but when Tony, with fear and trembling, had confessed his method of making money and had stoutly denied having anything to do with a forging gang, they began to realize that maybe they were barking up the

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wrong tree. On further investigation they realized their mistake, but Tony was not to be let off so easily, and in the city jail he awaited his trial for fraudulent practices. It was his first night in prison when he suddenly realized how those forged bills had come into his possession. What a fool he had been not to have thought of it right away. However, first thing in the morning he would tell of the episode with that woman who had given the kid fifty dollars, and perhaps, thought Tony with a sudden ray of light coming into his mind perhaps they might take off a slice of his sentence for giving them such a valuable clue.

In the morning Tony told his tale to the inspector who immediately sent for the kid and asked for a description of the lady and her car. The youth, who made a living by his wits naturally took in everything he saw with his sharp eyes and stored it away in a very clever brain. He gave a good description of Mrs. Graham Jonston and a better one of the car which was a new Packard he said, although he did not take much notice of the license.

"Take 'em away," ordered the Inspector as they finished their narrative, and calling a subordinate over he said, "Send out a search for dealers who have recently sold a new Packard with six wire wheels and balloon tires. The car is black and is adapted for the use of a chauffeur, for the front is separated from the back by a glass panel. Ask for a society woman who has ordered a customs built car and mind you follow up every likely possibility."

It was a long and tiresome task to look up all the people in New York who had bought customs built Packards a few months previously, but with the help of the government's Car Tax lists and an accurate description of the female owner of the car it was accomplished in a little under two weeks.

One morning as Mr. and Mrs. Graham Jonston were entering their secret forging plant they were suddenly surprised to find themselves surrounded with determined looking policemen all armed with either pistols or tommy guns. They realized the game was up and submitted themselves to be taken quietly to the police station and questioned. Mr. Graham Jonston, who did not possess the rigid poise of his better half, completely broke down on being sternly questioned, and made a complete confession in which he generously confessed that Mrs. Graham Jonston was the distributor of the phoney bills while he only manufactured the stuff.

* * *

As in all big cities, scandal is soon forgotten when some other event happens and in its turn it is talked about and dropped for something else. The news of convicting the society couple, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Jonston, of operating a counterfeiting plant set the New York papers humming for a couple of weeks, but when the two bill forgers were sentenced and sent to their respective prisons the news reporters turned their greedy eyes on different matters and promptly forgot that interesting pair.

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Mr. Graham Jonston has gone in for a different trade now and is making very serviceable calico sacking, while from his wife he gets letters telling him how she is spending her time at weaving and sewing. They both got ten years for their adventure and will probably be less ready to leave the straight path when they are freed.

Tony, who had made much of the fact that it was he who had been the cause of clearing up the mystery, had been given a year's sentence and was already planning a new fruit store which he would open when he got out. His friend Marconi had bought his other store and using the same method of placing fruit as Tony, was making a "honest" living and reaping a small profit of five good dollars a day.

The kid, who had impressed the Inspector with his sharp and clever face, had been sent to an industrial school for six months and had the promise of an apprenticeship in a good firm, with plenty of chances of getting ahead for a bright honest boy.

Owing to a slight petty crime one of the many serious rackets in New York had been solved and cleared up and the skyscrapers, relieved of another disagreeable incident, reared their tall forms into a bluer and brighter sky.

—Campbell Williams.

THE COURAGEOUS COWARD

In my capacity as judge, I meet many characters at the dog shows. One of my most treasured acquaintances was John Montague, a dog-breeder, whose mantel bends beneath the weight of the trophies his dogs have won. It was after the Eastern Show that I saw him, looking, unlike his usual cheery self, very discouraged.

Greeting him with a hearty handshake, I asked him what his trouble was.

"There's the root of it all, Mac," he said, pointing to a pew containing a sleek-looking Irish Setter. The placard above the pew read Lady Greenfair. "You gave her fourth place but she deserved the Grand Championship. Oh, I'm not blaming you, Mac. You handled the judging excellently.

"No," he went on, "it's the dog herself, I've watched her ever since she was a pup, knowing she was a real champ. I've fussed and doted over her to get her ready for to-night's show. Then, to-night, as I led her into the ring, my hopes were shattered.

"As soon as she saw the crowd, she shied and tried to break away. I tried to calm her but it was no use. She luckily took fourth place when she should have taken the championship. I suppose I shall never enter her again."

"Why not give her another chance, John?" I said, trying to cheer him. "Remember it's her first show, maybe she'll look better if you try her again. Why not try her in the Chicago show next month?"

I was called away just then, without hearing John's answer, but

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a month later I heard that he had entered Lady Greenfair with no better results.

Some time later I was in John's home town so I decided to visit him. He welcomed me royally and insisted that I stay the night. We had supper and later visited the dog barn. Montague quickly directed me to a pen containing a litter of four pups, which, John informed me, were Lady Greenfair's. Looking them over, I saw they were all prospective champions.

Soon after we returned to the house to have a look at John's trophies and pictures. It was about eleven o'clock when I chanced to look out the window and saw a sight which I shall never forget. The whole roof of the dog barn was in flames.

John and I immediately rushed out to try to save the imprisoned dogs. Inside the burning building the heat was terrific, but we somehow managed to free all the dogs or, at least, so we thought. It was not until five minutes later, when Lady Greenfair became frantic, that we remembered that her pups had been left in the barn. We decided it was too late to do anything for them, but we reckoned without Lady Greenfair.

Breaking her chain, she ran unflinching into the blazing inferno. We stood rooted to the ground, taken aback by the bravery of the dog. Soon she emerged leading two of her offspring and carrying, in her jaws, a third, who had lost consciousness.

Depositing them on the ground out of reach of the flames, she immediately returned to the burning building. One minute, two minutes passed, as we waited anxiously. Five minutes passed and still no sign of the brave dog. With heavy hearts, we watched the fire burn itself out, knowing full well we would never see Lady Greenfair alive again.

Next morning, John and I surveyed the ruins. Underneath a heavy pile of charred wood we found her, her body protecting her little dead pup to the end. The tears streamed down old John's face as we lifted Lady Greenfair and her pup out of the ruins of the barn. That morning we buried them together in John's little cemetery behind his house.

Should you some day visit John Montague, ask him to show you his cemetery. On the stones which mark the graves you will read of champions of every show in the country. You may be surprised to read on the very center grave of a dog who has won nothing.

The inscription reads:

In fondest memory of Lady Greenfair. 1931-33.

No trophies did she ever win,
Nor champion has she ever been;
But for courage and unbounded love,
O'er all, her name stands, high above.

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THAT OTHER PART OF CANADA

By HARRY W. HICKMAN

English and French Dept., V. H. S.

Come for one day to the Province of Quebec. Even in so short a time we can mingle with the French Canadians and have a glimpse of their life and surroundings.

We wake up on a hot July day in Montreal, Canada's largest city where in fact one-tenth of Canada's inhabitants dwell. Let us not visit the residential district. Rather let us see the old market place and this district where buildings and statues remind us of early Canada under French rule. And farther east, the streets become narrower, busier, older, and dirtier, street after street lined with tenement houses all monotonously alike with their exterior staircases and small verandahs and balconies. Here many children play and chatter in French; grown-ups read or knit, seated in the inevitable rocking chairs, and suffering the sultry air. Let us have lunch in Pierre's café. We shall have to order in French; we shall listen to the working men discussing weather, politics, sports, just as we do at home, but in French.

Let us drive into the country for the afternoon. How numerous are the toll bridges! And such poor bridges! The countryside is delightfully green in July. The farms are rich; what fine herds of cattle! Quebec is essentially an agricultural and dairying province. The farmers must be successful judging by their solid, stone "habitant" dwellings, and their freshly white-washed barns. They probably brought over from France their thriftiness and their power of remaining satisfied with less than the rest of us on this continent.

At the Trappist Monastery at Oka is an excellent agricultural college which has done much for scientific farming in Quebec. The monks, most of whom are sworn to silence, work in the fields or farm buildings. They have fine orchards, a wonderful herd of cattle; they make the famous Oka cheese; and they have developed the Chantecler strain of poultry which has become so popular in Eastern Canada. In such a tranquil pastoral scene on the St. Lawrence, no wonder the monks work happily and peacefully. A cynic might remark that other people could accomplish more by saying less!

We must motor back to Montreal in time for a soirée given by Monsieur Taillebourg in his large home built in Norman style. There I did actually meet a graduate of Victoria High School who lamented not having studied any French. He had learned it since, finding two languages an absolute necessity in Eastern Canada. But that is not the moral of these paragraphs. Rather may it be the idea that our French Canadian compatriots are very much like us—Canadians, whom we should try to understand. For peace must be founded on unity and understanding within our country, before it can be worldwide.

THE CAMOSUN

[Prize Description]

A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

A beautiful summer day found Cherry Queen, which is the name of my horse, and I riding slowly over the hillsides of Blueberry mountain.

The day was exceedingly warm but the birds and squirrels did not seem to mind the heat.

Rounding the corner of the trail in the mountain the most beautiful sight I have ever seen lay before us. Trickling over the rocks was a little mountain stream that emptied itself on the little crystal pool below. Beside this pool was a rustic seat which Mother Nature had made for wayfarers to sit upon. Gay, stately poplars stood waving their green leaves in the gentle breeze.

Looking up above me, I noticed a squirrel carrying nuts to his home. How happy he seemed! but soon he spied us and with a quick movement was up among the topmost branches of a poplar scolding to his heart's delight.

We linger'd long and even Cherry Queen sensed the beauty of this nook for she was unusually quiet and still.

At last we started to climb up the trail towards the top of the mountain. I have begun to understand why folks never get close to nature unless they are by themselves in some fairy-like woods.

Once we came upon a beautiful brown rabbit that had its foot caught in someone's trap. How I wish we could abolish these torturous traps that kill off all these pretty animals we love. Once freed the rabbit scampered off not much the worse for wear.

Farther along there were two birds feeding their young. How the young birds ate ravenously every little worm or bug brought to them. I wonder if we were as greedy when we were babies.

Arriving at the top of the mountain, we found ourselves on the top of a large plateau. There was a large band of wild horses grazing, but at the sight of us they galloped off into the dusk. I still remember that thrilling sight of the horses, running, manes and tails flying and thundering hoofs pounding the turf.

We had ended our journey to the top of the mountain. Slowly Cherry Queen and I wended our way homeward in the gathering dusk. It was a ride never to be forgotten.

[A True Story.]

—H. H. C., Div. 18.

THE CAMOSUN

VICTORIA'S GARDENS

Have you seen Victoria's gardens lying drenched in morning dew,
With their countless pansy faces peeping shyly up at you?
Climbing roses nodding gayly by the cottage window ledges
And blusing red geraniums nestling 'neath the holly hedges?

Have you seen Victoria's gardens on a warm spring afternoon,
When they're musical with bird-song and gay with flowers in bloom
With purple crocus sentinels on guard 'neath cherry trees,
And the gleam of swaying daffodils ecstatic in the breeze?

Have you seen Victoria's gardens just as day turns into night,
Lying hushed and very silent in the dim and fading light,
When the birds have sought their nests, and day draws to a close,
And honey bees lie sleeping in the heart of every rose?

Oh, Victoria's gardens are so lovely in sunshine or in rain,
With their power to ease our hearts of all weariness and pain;
It is more than home, for somehow, I can always feel that He
Is walking in these gardens and is ever close to me.

ELEANORE C. DOULL, Div. 12.

AURORA RESURGIT

(Prize Poem)

The wakening day uplifts her golden head,
And rising from her sheltered mountain bed,
Casts off her sleeping robe, and bathed with dew,
Dons morning robes of lovely, flaming hue.
And, o'er her bleak grey bed she gently folds
A satin spread of blending reds and golds;
While to the silent sleeping world below
She sends a gift, a warm and rosy glow.
Soft breezes whisper in Dame Nature's ear,
"Wake up, wake up, your friend the day is here."
Then all the drowsy world wakes up and sees
A million gems hang bright upon the trees.
The little spiders wonder what took place,
To change their poor grey webs to shining lace;
Birds' swelling throats pour forth a silvery strain,
Warm sunshine melts night's fading clouds of rain.
All God's creations kneel to Him and say,
"We thank thee Lord for giving us this Day."

—AUDREY PORTER, Div. 13.

THE CAMOSUN

MEMORIES O' SCOTIA

O' tae be in bonny Scotland
'Mang the hills I lo'ed sae weel
Jist tae wander by the burnie
With my sheep dog at my heel.

Jist tae see the lark uprisin'
Frae the dewy grass at morn,
Jist tae see the heather bloomin'
'Mang the hills where I was born.

Jist tae see my mither's cottage
By the guid auld Wishin' Well.
Jist tae live again my childhood
And tae hear the auld Kirk bell.

But the auld Kirk's gaen tae ruin,
E'en the headstones a' hae fallen,
An' soon will I be leavin'
Tae the loved ones who are callin'.

—ELEANORE C. DOULL, Div. 12.

A RED CEDAR

Your lofty trunk mounts upward to the sky,
The lesser trees below you cluster round;
Your weighty branches hang all verdant gown'd
While restless breezes through them vainly sigh.
With reaching crown the heavens soaring nigh
You seem the king of trees—that upright tower;
The symbol of upstanding mighty power
Your tapering trunk to heaven stretches high.
For many years the autumn gales you've stood,
The wintry blast has harmed you not at all;
The logger's knife-edged axe will gash your bark
The rigger's iron will leave their dagger mark,
The saw with teeth like swords will rip the wood,
To earth below you'll tilt and loudly fall.

—TONY SELFE, Div. 17.

THE CAMOSUN

SUNRISE ON THE STRAITS

What a splendour! A glorious radiance
Enhances the eastern sky,
With gold and green and vermillion,—
The first promise of a new day.

Faint lights of ships that pass in the straits,
Fade with the coming of dawn.
The coast range stands in sharp relief
As daylight marches on.

Wooded isles of the gulf rise dark in a pool,—
A still pool of glittering gold.
A mariners' guide engulfed in the tide
Is a sentry,—a gallowglass bold.

—A. ZALA, Div. 2.

THE STUDY ROOM

Marching, marching, marching,
All around the room
To see no word is spoken
To break the quiet gloom.

We try to settle down to think
But the silence is so intense
The only thing that penetrates
Is the noisy scratch of pens.

This cannot go on, yours truly thinks,
And promptly tells her neighbour,
When all at once a voice is heard
Which cut the air like a sabre—

“One hundred lines for you, my dear,”
That voice was heard to say,
And I knew that I was doomed to write
Long after school to-day.

And then that silence reigned again,
And those footsteps echoed round the room,
So all my efforts were for naught
To break that awful gloom.

—ILONA LOUISE, Div. 14.

THE CAMOSUN

Autographs



THE CAMOSUN

Autographs



